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FACTS

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Devoted to Mental and Spiritual Phenomena,

INCLUDING

Psychometry, Clairvoyance, Clairaudience, Mesmerism, Trance,
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We are always glad to receive descriptions of any phenomena suited to our magazine.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

WE are frequently asked: "Who is the best medium for a given phase?" It is impossible to say, since it is a well-known fact that the medium who is able to become *en rapport* with one sitter, and to see his surroundings and become a messenger for his friends, may utterly fail to do so for another, owing undoubtedly to some mysterious law which is not generally understood.

We advise our friends to try until they find a medium suited to themselves, and in consulting any medium to use at least the same consideration and good sense they would in seeking the advice of a lawyer, physician, or minister. As for the question of charge, there is no reason why a medium, who gives valuable counsel, should be branded as an imposter or extortioner if he or she demands a fair compensation for their services, providing the price has been agreed upon, as would be the case in any other business transaction. We do not intend to insert in our columns advertisements of disreputable mediums, or pretenders to mediumship, who use this cloak to cover all kinds of nefarious practices; but hope they will be a guide to those who desire genuine spirit manifestations.

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MRS. MAUD LORD.

(See page 223.)

FACTS.

JANUARY, 1887.

A PROPHECY.

By MRS. AUGUSTA, DWINELS, Boston, Mass.

For many years a gentleman, connected with the Roman Catholic Church, and holding high office, visited my rooms for the purpose of holding communion with spirits, and to employ my powers as a seeress.

In the year 1878 my spirit guides and my own spirit traveled extensively for him. During the illness of Pope Pius IX., this gentleman was much concerned, and often my spirit was sent at his request to report, upon the state of the Pope's health.

At twenty minutes of four, on the day of the departure of this noble spirit, "the priest," as I called him, came to my room, and was anxious to have me become entranced, as he wished my spirit to visit the Pope. I hesitated, not feeling sure I had time enough, being engaged to sit for other parties at five; but he was so urgent that I finally consented, and was in an entranced state from ten minutes of four until twenty minutes of five. At half past four a spirit voice, purporting to be that of his Holiness, cried out, through my organism, saying: "This afternoon, at quarter of five, my spirit will leave my body." The priest left as soon as I returned to consciousness, meeting the party I had engaged to sit for on his way out. One of the party, Mr. Samuel Perkins, of North Bridgewater, noticing him, asked me if the man he met was a priest. I said: "Yes, but I fear I will not see him again, for a voice, purporting to be that of Pius IX., cried out, while I was entranced, saying: 'This afternoon, at quarter of five, my spirit will leave my body;'" and I added: "I think it very strange a spirit, while passing away, should cry out like that. I am afraid it was wrong." Both gentlemen smiled, and said: "You need have no fear; the news is just out in the papers. Pope Pius IX. passed away this afternoon at quarter of five o'clock," which, allowing for the difference of time between Rome and Boston, would be at almost the moment of my prophecy.

AN INTERESTING SEANCE.

By MR. L. L. WHITLOCK, Boston, Mass.

On the evening of November 20th, Mrs. J. A. Bliss gave a seance at our residence. Every condition was made by ourselves. The cabinet, a cloth curtain hung upon an iron rod in one corner of our library, was beyond any possible question. The room was at no time so dark but that every person could clearly see any form which made its appearance, all being seated in one row within six feet of the cabinet.

Mrs. Bliss had no manager, and I officiated in that capacity as far as necessary. Under these conditions, about forty forms appeared, of a variety of sizes and shapes, from the small child to tall men and women, who talked, sung, and walked, as naturally as in life. Several of them were recognized by persons present, others being well known to friends of Mrs. Bliss, as her guides or cabinet spirits.

During the evening I was asked to turn on more light, which I did, and in an instant a man fully six feet in height, I should think, walked out a foot or two, and then retiring enough to be partially shielded from the bright light by the curtain, but in full view of all, he conversed with us for some time. There was not a vestige of an appearance like the medium.

At another time, while Mrs. Bliss was standing in the center between the curtains in her dark dress, and in full view of the audience, a form of white appeared next to the wall, and came entirely outside the cabinet.

Persons were frequently heard conversing with each other inside the cabinet while a form was outside, showing conclusively that there were beings there capable of speaking with each other inside the cabinet, while another was outside talking with friends. As no persons were present in their material form except those known to us, the question arises: "Where and who were the others?" The cabinet and everything connected with it was our own. We have no doubt as to the conditions; but even supposing Mrs. Bliss had about her in the cabinet all the clothing she desired, how could these phenomena have been produced where two or three individualities were evidently present at the same time?

A MORNING AT ONSET.

By Mr. F. M. ANDREWS, Providence, R. I.

At Onset, during the summer of 1886, I was walking past the tent occupied by Madame Diss Debar, who was sitting near the entrance with her breakfast tray before her, when she called to me, saying she saw a light about me, and I could have a picture if I chose to come in. I had never spoken with the lady, and do not believe she knew me or who my friends were. I stepped in at her invitation, seated myself, and waited further development. No other card or paper being just at hand, I took from my own inside pocket a piece of pasteboard which I had, and which no one else touched, and held it, as Mrs. Diss Debar directed, upon my own head, she, meanwhile, going on with her breakfast. We were quite alone. In less than five minutes, the picture was declared finished, and I took it down. Madame did not touch it. It was a crayon containing a group of *fourteen* heads, so arranged in oval form as to make a landscape, with rocks (formed of heads) in the foreground. I examined it closely, and recognized two of the faces very clearly. A message was written beneath it of too personal a nature for publication, signed with the name of the person whose likeness is in the upper corner, and who has been nearly twenty years in the spirit life. All seemed to be complete, but one face in the middle, that of a colored man, I could not recognize. While I was wondering who it could be, holding the picture in my own hands, a hand appeared near the base of the picture with the index finger pointing upward, where the name T-o-m was written while I stared at it, and the medium declared it was some one I had known. On showing the picture afterward to the well-known accordion player, George, whom all visitors to Onset are familiar with, he recognized the colored man as one who formerly lived in Providence. Tom ———, whom I also remembered.

I wrapped the card in paper immediately after I received it, took it at once to Mrs. E. B. Stratton, the writing medium, and, laying it on her table, requested her to sit for a message for me, giving no clue as to what was in the package. The message written was as follows:—

"My Good Friend,— This gate of thought welcomes all inquirers

after truth. We hope to ever reach the mortal with the finer and higher lights of knowledge. We hope ever to send along our wires of the spiritual magnet, the lofty story of intellect. Oh, friend, your soul has climbed into those spheres where the heavens do shine upon you with the clear light.

REV. J. MERRICK."

"This concentration of force under my spiritual hand is full of artistic form and beauty. It follows the line of nature's grace, and the true oval. It is produced by light in focus, and the whole sheath of colors in the white light was poured upon the card. It is not of entire spiritual force, only as that force operates through the one on earth with whom we are now *en rapport*. It is not strictly spirit work, but a combined action of the spirit in mortal, drawing power from the great sea of spirit. I mean by this that no individual spirit transferred itself on the pictures to the card, but, yet, it is an inflowing from the vast sea of forces through some mortal. A poet receives poems from this vast sea of genius; an orator receives his words from the same source; and artist, whose currents are lighted with form and color, always draws from this sea. And thus this picture, with the words, come from the divine essence of the cells of space, where always the beautiful forces lie pulsing and palpitating, and ready for the heart's earnest call. It is not from individual spirit, but from the graded sea of force through some artistic mortal, who gave good current for the tides to concentrate into this form. It is not in any way a cheat or a delusion, but embraces a fact in impression of picture, a mighty law that is not yet half developed, and one which man cannot yet comprehend. It is possible, through the focus of the finer grades of the electricities, to impress, as off-throw, the scenes and faces of the finer spheres upon the canvas or card in the lower grade of the electricities, but no man living yet had his controlling power over these fine and exceeding thrilling webs of magnetic fiber. Only your Christ touched them, and brought them so the sensation of the mortal felt them, and the thrill to this day flows along from age to age, and yet no man reaches it. It is the fineness of equality, the true feeling of "one good as another, and the God in all." With this current awake, alive in the blood of man and his race, there would arise such a purity of magnetism that the pict-

ures of the loved ones, and the higher scale of colored plants and shells, would fall in our sight as the truths and realities of the spheres which roll and toss one above another in the differing grades of ether.

All these prismatic and chromatic impressions are possibilities, but the earth mediums must reach higher in understanding, so to become true and worthy instruments of the law of force.

These words I read are touches of mind against mind, not falsities, but mind grasping the fullness of another mind. I was somewhat accustomed to these impressions with light and color. I have studied camera observations since I entered spirit life, and all my life on earth I led my spirit up the rainbow of color. I do not see yet introduced on earth the power to retain individual spirit faces, or scenes, only as all artists through the sea of spirit ever tossing the billows of color, form, and force, to those who will receive.

DAGUERRE."

HOW I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

By MR. S. P. HASKINS, Roxbury, Mass.

In the month of January, 1853, I went to Greenpoint, New York, to look after some work which was being done on a vessel in the Navy Yard there. While looking across the yard with Mr. Bromfield, I spied a man with a face so bright and beaming that my attention was attracted to him, and I requested Mr. Bromfield to introduce me to him, but before we reached him he arose, put out his hand, and introduced himself as Mr. Snyder.

After a little time I learned that he was a Spiritualist, and that meetings were held at his house. He invited me to be present when I chose. He was a good rapping medium; his wife was also a medium; and their adopted child, a remarkable little girl, four years of age, was also a medium, who would play with spirit children for hours, and under control would write a sheet full of fools-cap in from eight to ten minutes. So here was a strong battery to begin with. But before going to any meeting or circle, I went to the office of Messrs. Brown & Co., in New York, and placed myself in the hands of these two powerful mesmerists for an hour. One took his position behind me, the other in front, and both

worked with a will and worked hard for the hour to produce some mesmeric influence upon me, but without the least result. In reply to my question, if I might safely go into circles, they said: "Yes, for no dozén could mesmerize you." I was at that time a member of the Methodist Church, but had become tired of it. I was born and brought up among the Friends, or Quakers, as they are called, and, as will be seen by-and-bye, my first "influence" was from that source.

Feeling quite safe against psychology, the next Sunday, the first in March, I attended my first spiritual meeting. We had a glorious time of spirit power, conducted by a band, as they said, of eighty-five spirits,—George Fox, William Penn, and others of renown, who had passed to spirit life, being of the number. I thought it the best place for a meeting I had ever been in. There were present, among others, Prof. Wm. Fishbough, of the Universalist Church, Wm. Bury, Mr. Banning, of the Methodist Conference, who had been set aside for his spiritual belief, and many others, forty-five or fifty persons in all, being present in the two rooms, between which the folding doors were opened.

The next Sunday I was there. In the dining room, back of the parlor, stood a black-walnut table, upon which lay a Bible, hymn book, and a large card with the alphabet upon it. Meeting was called to order by raps. Seven ladies and gentlemen constituted the inner circle around the table, to which they were called by raps, one for *no*, three for *yes*, with the question: "Shall he (or she) take a seat?" Six persons were seated, when passing several it came my turn, and "yes" was the reply. I objected. The raps came loud. Mr. Banning said: "Sit here by me." Raps still louder. I took the seat, feeling very queer, being a stranger to all except Mr. and Mrs. Snyder, whom I had strictly charged to give my name to no one.

Being now ready for business, raps came, letters being used to indicate the wishes of the unseen managers. Singing, prayer, and reading from the Bible were called for. Mr. Banning was requested to read. He asked: "Shall I read from the old Book?" "No," so he named the books of the New Testament in succession, and on reaching Corinthians, the 13th chapter, on charity, was chosen. He began to read; raps interrupted him. Mrs. Snyder said: "They want you to mark the verses they rap for." Then all

went on smoothly. Seven verses were marked. Then Mr. Banning asked: "Who shall speak?" Five raps called for the alphabet; and he began with A. When H was reached, I got a shock on my head, which went all through me. Next A, and another shock, and so on through my name. I tried to rise, but could not. I was fast in my chair. Mr. Banning said: "They have spelt Haskins; is there anyone by that name here?" I kept quiet as possible under the circumstances, for I was in a freezing condition, as though cold bands were around my wrists. After ten minutes delay, I acknowledged my name. Mr. Banning said: "You are resisting too much." I told him I did not want to make a fool of myself. "You will not do so," he said, "for the spirits want to use your organs of speech." I gave way and passed into a heavenly state of entrancement, in which I remained an hour and twenty minutes.

During that time the first thing I saw was myself about four feet from my body, laying down a law for myself. The next thing, I was in the spirit world walking with William Penn. He stopped, and said to me: "Dost thou see that white rose through the thicket of briars and underbrush?" It was very thick, but I said yes. "Thee must get it," he said, "before we go to the next garden." I jumped down about four feet, into mud and water, made my way as best I could through briars, mud and all, and brought it out. He said: "Thou hast done well; we will go up." I will not describe all the gardens, but will say they grew more and more beautiful as I passed through them, plucking white roses from each, one after another, till I came to the sixth. This last one was a beautifully laid out lawn, in the center of which was a mound about three and a half feet high, and thirty feet across in the center. Around the top edge was a white marble walk about three feet wide. The center was open and full of clear water, pure as crystal. On the marble walk stood seven female angels, robed in pure white, who pointed to the water and then up to the sky, while Penn was talking to me and explaining the spiritual work to be done. When he had finished, he said to me: "We must go back to earth," to which I replied: "I do not want to go; this is the best place"; but he said: "Thee must go back, for thou hast a work to do on earth."

When I got back, I was standing. I rubbed my eyes and sat

down. They told me I had been speaking for an hour and a half on charity. I was very much surprised, for I did not know I had been talking. Mr. Banning said to me: "You have done well for the first time; don't be afraid to go out and work." In answer to my inquiry, how many spirits it took to entrance me, the raps signified eighty-five; and they also informed me that the one of the band chosen for speaker that day was William Penn.

INTERESTING EXPERIENCES BY MENTAL TESTS.

By JOHN WETHERBEE, Boston, Mass.

Sometimes unexpectedly I get a very good test. I do not know but the best tests are always unexpected; it sometimes seems so. I have had two surprises of the kind this week to begin the new year with.

I attended, as I frequently do, Eben Cobb's meeting in College Hall. It is a place where platform tests are a feature. Of course, a good many of them are more or less indefinite, but many of them also are very good, sufficiently so to throw a luster of interest on those that are less so. During the meeting of which I am speaking, Mrs. W. A. Rich was called to the platform, and in the usual manner began describing the spirits she saw, and they were all satisfactory, and acknowledged to be so by the persons whom they were for. Soon she turned to the side of the room where I was sitting at a distance, and said: "a spirit of a young man," describing him, "has come to that side of the platform desk," pointing to her right; "he lays his hand on or points to a russet wallet there among the other things." The russet wallet interested me, so I was all attention. "He gives me the name of —— [it was his middle name, he was always called by it at home]; he says he wants his father, who is present, to know that he is here." It was so unmistakably my son that I said so, and said also that I was glad he was present.

To make my statement more intelligent, let me say, before meeting, and wholly unobserved, I had laid that wallet on the desk among the other things thereon, but quite at the edge by itself; the things were laid there to be psychomatized, if any of the mediums were inclined to do so. My son had this small wallet made for him, and carried it for a long time, and I now retain it as

a keep-sake. I would consider this, under all the circumstances, a good test of itself, as the medium did not know me, had not lived very long in this vicinity, and knew nothing of my domestic affairs; and I am sure she was truthful in saying so. Before I sat down she said: "There is an elderly man present, sober-looking and dignified. He belongs to the young man; he says: 'John,' addressing me, 'give my love to Louise, tell her—'" I need not go into the details of what he said; it was on home matters, and the reader would not be as much interested in what he said as I am. Louise is my wife; and I have no hesitation in saying the old gentleman was her father, William Beals, who, with Colonel Green, started the *Boston Post*, and were its editors for forty years.

At the earliest opportunity after this, I went and had a private sitting with Mrs. Rich, at 277 Shawmut Avenue. She has since become located in Bromfield Street. I had one of the most interesting sittings I ever had. My son came; so did many others. He very quickly took possession of the medium, and talked freely with me, and answered definitely many important questions. He said, also, he came for the purpose, by the wish of his mother, to unbosom himself, and I feel that this control was unmistakably he. Some things were said that nobody but he could have said; there was no mind-reading about it, for some things he said I had to verify afterwards. I wish it was proper for me to write this communication out at length, but even the reader would not see it as I do. I think it will be enough for me to say that I really believe I had a colloquy with my departed son; and I think also it was an effort on his part, on the other side of life, to respond to our earnest wishes. I will add, in this connection, that I had a letter from my old friend, John Pierpont, through the mediumship of Miss Shelhamer of the *Banner* circle, and it harmonizes with the communication through Mrs. Ross, the latter being, however, more at length. It is also in perfect harmony with a later one through Miss Shelhamer, written under the influence of Lotela, on my "departed" son's matters, and I feel through them both that I am quite well informed, and if I had not had near thirty years experience in this hopeful subject, I should, on these experiences, to which I have alluded, alone feel that I still had a reachable, invisible, and living son, though his body is turning to dust in a tomb at Mt. Auburn.

I will not lengthen this out by speaking of the other surprise, as was my intention, but will only add that I have been much pleased with my experience at a late seance at Mrs. Bessie Huston's. Her forms I have proved under test conditions to be unmistakably spirit manifestations, and I state this with a full knowledge of the so-called exposure in New Hampshire some months ago.

Mrs. Rich is a new medium who has lately come before the public. Our first experience was at one of Mr. Cobb's meetings. We were at the moment engaged in another direction, in the back part of the hall, when some one said: "That is for you, Mr. Whitlock." The communication, though short, was pertinent, and we recognized it as coming from the sister who announced herself.

We have since listened to tests in Mrs. Rich's circles, one of which was held in our house, and found them very satisfactory.—
Ed.

CHILD MEDIUMS.

Extracts from a private letter from MRS. J. HILBERT, Fall River, Mass.

I suppose it is out of the question to ask Mrs. Ross to come to Fall River, but if we could get her to come she would have a warm welcome here, for her name is a household word with us. There is quite a number of converts here, through her mediumship, myself among the rest. I had heard a great deal about it, but could not believe it; so, one morning last summer, I went to her house in Onset with some friends, and became fully convinced of spirit return, for I had the pleasure of seeing my dear old father whom I left in England nearly twenty years ago. He passed over some three years since, both blind and insane. I cannot tell how glad I was to see him, and I knew him instantly, after all these years. The few words he was able to say to me have been of great value, for he told me to sit with the children, and by doing so I find that two of them are mediums. My son, aged fourteen, has been controlled several times, and my little daughter is a seer. In fact, both are clairvoyant. They never seem to be alone. At first they were very much afraid, but now they love to see spirits. They are always telling me what they see, and they talk with the invisibles very often, and seem to enjoy it. They see their grandpa

very often, and get many messages. He controls their hands, and we have some pretty writing on the table. They write with crayons, and have real good times with the table, a small four-legged one, that will do anything for them. I have seen it walk from one room to another, with just the tips of their little fingers on it. They talk to it just as though it were alive. I assure you, it is a great comfort to me to have my children like this. They have beautiful visions sometimes, and their little faces are so lighted up, and they see so many that they cannot describe them all. Last week they described over fifty spirit friends in one hour, and every one was recognized.

We went to get an order for *Facts*, and we did not even know the name of the people, but we heard they were Spiritualists, and just as soon as the children went in, they saw first one, and then another. It was more than one hour before we could tell them who we were, or what we had come for. We were entire strangers to them,—do not even know their names now,—so I think that was a very good test for the children.

. I have tried to stop, but my little daughter says: “Go on, mamma, there are some spirits behind you, and my dear grandpapa is helping you, and your dear friend Mrs. Leigh is here, and she is full of beautiful lights. The lady she speaks of is the wife of Mr. Edwin Leigh, the superintendent of the electric lights. She passed away some three years ago, and comes very often.

A SPIRIT VISITOR.

By MRS. AUGUSTA DWINELS, Boston, Mass.

In the year 1868, I passed a few weeks of the spring months at the very pleasant home of deacon Wm. Kimball, in the town of Brentwood, N. H. None there knew anything of Spiritualism. I knew I was a seeress, and medium, but was fighting hard against it, having no desire to have anything to do with Spiritualists, or Spiritualism. I kept with my church friends as much as possible, and shuddered at the thought of ever being elected a co-worker with disembodied spirits. I hoped nothing of the kind would trouble me while I was with this pleasant family, to whom I had been introduced by a relative only the day before I entered their

home, where I was to remain a few weeks for the benefit of my health, which was much shaken by sorrow and trouble through which I had recently passed. I knew absolutely nothing of their loved ones gone before.

The room assigned me was a large front chamber, far from other rooms in use, and opposite it was a similar one, connected by a small hall.

One night, as the deacon's good wife kissed me good-night, and I was left alone, a strange feeling of awe came over me. I was exceedingly sensitive, and, if I could have broken away from the strange power that held me, I would have fled from the room. I locked the door securely, turned down the light, and lay down to rest. Not more than ten minutes passed when I was *quietly aroused, all my senses being keenly alive*, when, to my consternation, I saw the door I had locked slowly open, and over the threshold into my room glided the fragile form of a young lady, about twenty-one years of age, a pleasant, happy, smiling face, of fair complexion. She wore a light buff dress, with a small shoulder cape of the same color and material. I could neither move nor speak; and, oh, how I did wish she would go away. But she advanced to about three feet from my bed, and spoke in a clear, but sad voice, saying: "Do not be alarmed, I am Mr. Kimball's youngest daughter. I thought you might be lonely, so I called. I died in the room opposite, of scarlet fever, and throat distemper. My age was two years; if I had lived on earth, I should now be twenty-one. Tell mother and father I called; that there is no death, and I am very happy." She vanished, and I fell almost immediately into a most restful sleep.

Wishing to test this, next morning, when we were all in the breakfast room, and breakfast over, I asked them not to leave the table, as I had something of importance to communicate, but must first ask a few questions, which I begged them to answer, simply yes or no. They promised, and I asked: "Did you have a little daughter who died of scarlet fever and throat distemper?" "Yes, yes," answered both. "Was she about two years old?" "Yes," answered both again. "If she had lived, would she have been twenty-one now, and had she very light complexion?" "Yes, oh, yes." "Well," I said, "was the last dress she wore on earth a light buff one, with a shoulder cape?"

The deacon pushed back his chair, and groaned aloud: "Oh, my daughter! yes, she wore that dress; but, oh, has our darling been to see you? If she comes again, tell her to come to father; father wants to see her." Mrs. Kimball, in tears, said to me: "It was the last dress our darling wore; come with me and I will show it to you"; and, as she laid the dress and cape in my hands for inspection, I delivered to them the message from their spirit daughter.

This happened, as I have said, at a time when Spiritualism and all connected with it was abhorrent to me, and I would rather almost anything should happen to me than become a Spiritualist, or, what I considered even worse, a spiritual medium.

MORE INDEPENDENT WRITING.

By MRS. J. M. ANDRUS, M.D., Jacksonville, Fla.

I was standing one day before the glass, in the dressing-room, when my friend, who has the open vision, came to the door, and said: "Who was that woman in white who just came in here? There she is behind you now. Why, its my mother!" I looked at her, then behind me, but saw no one. On the floor lay a sheet of paper with writing upon it. I took it up, and said: "This is all the white thing I see." The writing seemed to have stopped abruptly, as though suddenly interrupted, so I said: "Perhaps they have not finished, I will put it back again." I did so; we went out into the sitting-room, and Sic, as the spirits call her, left the house. I was left alone. Some time had passed, when I heard the rustling of paper. I said: "Kitty! kitty! what are you doing?"—thinking it was the cat. No cat came, so I looked to see what made the noise, and saw the paper once more, and that it was now covered with writing. I took it up and read, commencing where the pencil had first stopped; it said: "Do not interrupt us spirits. When we are writing you should not stir, but stand perfectly still. You do not know how it hurts us spirits when you interrupt us." Then the message went on to finish the original subject, and signed *Mother*, showing that Sic did actually see her mother come into the room. No one passed in or out of either room while this was being done, and no one present except myself.

We did not think it possible for them to use anything except a pencil until one Sunday, as we were preparing for church. Our mother had come to spend the winter with us, and we had all been in the room, and when she was already we went again to the sitting-room, but I turned and went directly back to her room, when I found the rocking-chair upon the lounge. On it was a slip of paper, written in ink, which was still wet, dripping where the heavy lines were. It said: "You all look nice. *Sof*, I like this, to see you all. We all do. All are here." *Sof* is mother's sister, who passed over many years ago; and she stayed with us all last winter, as she said she was delegated to do.

I was so curious to know how they could write with ink that I examined all the pens and ink bottles, to see if I could find any of them wet. There was not a drop nor speck on any, and I am sure in the instant I was passing from one room to the other it was not possible for human agency to have accomplished this.

A SPIRIT MOTHER'S CARE FOR HER CHILD.

By DR. G. E. NEWCOMB, Oldtown, Me.

In the winter of 1876, business matters called me to the town of Brewer, Maine, for one week. Some two months previous, a neighbor, by the name of Randall, came to me, and requested me to let my little boy (Grant Newcomb), nearly ten years old, go and live with his sister, a Mrs. Atkins, residing at Dover, Maine. She had brought up two boys, and one had gone away. She said that she had taken a great liking to my boy, and wanted him for company. My wife had died when Grant was only four years old. I let him go with my friend, having confidence in Mrs. Atkins, although I had never seen her. I went to Brewer sometime afterwards, on Sunday, and remained until Saturday morning. About three o'clock Saturday morning, I dreamed I saw my boy crying bitterly, come into my room, led by a strange woman. The woman stroked his curly hair, and wept, and seemed to sympathize with him. I was awakened by a woman crying and moaning in my room. I was alone in the lower part of the house, and at first supposed that it was the lady of the house sick and in pain. After listening a minute, I partly arose, and asked what was the matter.

The answer came in a familiar voice: "Oh, my poor children." I asked: "What is the matter with your children?" She answered: "I fear they will all be scattered without a home," and then added: "Poor little Grant, who will care for him?" I knew the voice, and answered: "Eliza, if this is you, don't weep any more, for I will look after your children while God gives me strength." I slept no more, but in the morning I took the first train, intending to go to Dover, where the boy was, about seventy miles distant. But, upon second thought, concluded to go to Oldtown first, where I found a letter from Mrs. Atkins awaiting me, stating that she was away on a visit when Grant came, and that the boy she left in charge beat the little fellow in a most shocking manner; but he escaped and wandered away eight miles, where a man kindly took him in, and cared for him. On her return home, she drove three days before she found him, and concluded by bidding me not to worry about him, for she would bring him home. When she arrived, behold, there stood before me the same woman I saw in my dream; and there was enacted before me the same scene I saw there,—the woman and child both weeping.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

By MR. ELI POND, Woonsocket, R. I.

A medium called at my house yesterday, and while there was entranced. She said she felt like dancing, and that a dancing master was there who felt like dancing; then turning to me, she said: "He knew you." I asked if it was Captain John Leland, of H——, Mass. She replied, "yes," and I said: "Captain Leland, land, I am very happy to meet you; I attended your school when I was about seventeen, and now I am eighty-three." He said quite a number of his scholars were with him. I was very glad to hear from them after so long a time. The medium never knew or heard of him, and I had not thought of him for many years.

I enclose a little account, taken from the *Woonsocket Reporter*, of an

INCIDENT AT ONSET,

told me by an old lady by the name of Jackson. We call her grandma Jackson. She occupies a tent nearly opposite my cot-

tage. She said there was a little girl about seven years old that had lived in the house with her, and had been partly under the care of her daughter and herself for a year or more past. The day before she came here, which was in June last, the little girl came to her, and laid her head on her shoulder, and looked her in the face to talk with her. She said she was a lovely little girl, with bright blue eyes and curly hair, and she loved her dearly. After she had been here about three weeks, a clairvoyant medium came into her tent on Friday evening, and said she saw a little girl laying her head on her shoulder, and looking up into her face as though she would like to speak to her. She said she had bright blue eyes, and very handsome curly hair, and was a very beautiful child. Grandma replied: "I don't know of but one child that answers your description, and she was in good health a few days since." Says the lady: "She has recently passed away." On Saturday evening, her daughter, a clairvoyant, saw the little girl standing with her hands behind her, as she often stood, looking very pleasant. She thought she would not speak to her for fear she would vanish, so she waved her hand to her. The little girl smiled, and disappeared. She went to the post-office and got a letter which reported the death of the child, which occurred on Thursday, and she was buried on the Sunday following. This shows plainly that spirits can and do return to the friends they love.

A CHECK TO DISHONESTY.

By MRS. ISA WILSON PORTER, Lombard, Ill.

After the death of my father, E. V. Wilson, my sister and I rented our house to some German people, who did not recognize the renting or terms of the lease, but took advantage of us in a business way, because we were women.

My sister and I were sleeping one night, when we heard raps, and there stood my father before us. He said: "Let's go to the grave-yard." We took our revolvers and set out, and, on reaching the field, found the horses harnessed, and wagons loaded with potatoes, which the dishonest tenants had intended to send to market on their own account. But my father would not allow it, and took this means to call our attention to the matter.

FACTS.—MISCELLANEOUS.

(From the *Boston Evening Transcript*, Jan. 13, 1887.)

THE MIND-READING AMUSEMENT.

To the Editor of the Transcript: This amusement may possibly help to attract the indifferent public toward the higher branches of science, which are so much neglected. Probably not one in a thousand of those who are attracted to this subject by curiosity has given any attention to that department of science to which mind-reading belongs.

Americans are not distinguished for reverence. They often rush into the consideration and discussion of subjects with which they have no familiarity, without pausing to learn whether any investigations have already been made. In matters of mechanical invention, attempts are continually making to achieve what investigation has proved impossible, and a great deal of labor and money are wasted in finding, by costly experience, what is already known, and might have been learned by an hour's attention to recorded science.

The dabbler in science and invention often fancies himself a discoverer, asserts his claims, and receives recognition from those who are still more ignorant of the subject than himself. Under this head come the performances of Mr. Bishop, and other sciolists who are exercising similar powers with similar success.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," said Pope, for the sciolist is continually blundering in the false and superficial theories which belong to the first stage of investigation, through which the patient student of nature has made his way to a full understanding of the subject.

The sympathetic transference of thought from one mind to another, and the acquisition of knowledge of things, either present or remote, without the aid of the external senses, are phenomena known as far back as history has any records. Such phenomena are wonderful and mysterious, but not more so than the generation of animal life, or the appearance of a rainbow in the sky,—subjects from which science has removed much of the mystery.

Trans-corporeal, or non-sensual perception, has also been investigated, its laws established, its anatomical and physiological foundation explained, its range of power determined, its vast powers and utilities illustrated, and its method of development and culture made known. But of all this the mind-reading sciolists know nothing, and have not attempted to learn any.

thing. They are attitudinizing on the outer steps of the temple of science, before the gazing multitude, instead of penetrating the interior of the temple, where the multitude do not follow.

The exhibiting mind-readers start with the assumption that matter does all, and that the ample literature in which the powers of the soul are recorded, demonstrated, and explained is unworthy of notice. Thus they place themselves in sympathy with the prevalent ignorance on such subjects, and the dogmatism of a certain class of scientists.

The dogmatism of this hypothesis cannot be maintained by any careful and conscientious inquirer who knows how to conduct an investigation. When the psychic faculties are well developed, as they certainly are in Mr. Bishop, the inquirer cannot fail to realize that ideas are developed by transference in the mind without the slightest opportunity of being instructed by muscular movements. Hence Mr. Bishop finally admits the direct transference of thought from mind to mind; but instead of presenting it boldly, as a positive and thousand-times demonstrated fact, he still leans upon the letter of Dr. Carpenter, which represents him as learning the thoughts of others by "careful study of the indications unconsciously given by the subject."

He confesses that he once stood upon the strictly material hypothesis, from which he has advanced to the psychic doctrine he now maintains, and adds: "Where I am may be only a stopping, not an abiding, place." Very true, the remark is honorable to his candor. He should advance a great deal farther; but he would not have stopped at either position if he had taken pains to learn what was already known and published a quarter of a century, or even what was known several centuries, before he began.

If he would, even now, read Professor Gregory's "Letters on Animal Magnetism," and the "Manual of Psychometry," published in Boston, he might make a new departure, might understand the vast extent of his own powers, which he has not yet developed, and show to those whom he has already astonished that there is much more in the mysteries of earth and heaven than their mechanical philosophy has even suspected.

"Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring," was the suggestion of Pope, and if Mr. Bishop, or any of those who have been sipping at this fountain of knowledge, would call upon me (at 6 James Street, Franklin Square), I would take pleasure in showing them the unsuspected extent of their own powers, and showing how thoroughly the questions they are interested in were investigated over forty years ago, to scatter the mystery and bring the wonderful and almost incredible powers of the mind into correlation with Bishop and anatomy.

I might show them, too, that mind-readers are not such extraordinary persons as they are commonly supposed. There are many millions in the

world who can exercise the class of faculties to which mind-reading belongs, — a class of faculties long neglected by superficial scientists, from the cultivation of which more may be expected for the future intellectual progress of mankind than from anything else now known to the universities.

I mean no disrespect in styling Mr. Bishop a sciolist (or undeveloped scientist). That very sciolism brought him into sympathy with Dr. Carpenter and other distinguished gentlemen, who would not have listened to him if he had come in any nobler manner, and enabled him to open their eyes. Perhaps, if he will take another step in advance, he can lead the majority of his pupils to a higher position, and thus render a signal service to society. I hope he will have the candor and courage to advance far beyond his present position.

JOS. RODES BUCHANAN.

WE refer our readers to our article on this subject in the December number, page 336.— ED.

TROY, N. Y., Aug. 26, 1886.

Editor of *Facts* :

Dear Sir,—I was recently called to see one Wm. Rankin, on 8th Street, in this city, who was suddenly taken with a severe attack of colic. At first it located at the pit of the stomach, but finally moved down to the lower right side of the bowels. For forty-eight hours he suffered the greatest and most intense agony. The family physician was immediately called, and powerful remedies were administered, without relief. The patient was rapidly sinking, therefore, something must be done, and quickly. The family decided to send for a magnetic healer, and in twenty minutes after laying my hands upon the patient, he was relieved, and gradually his strength returned, so that the second day following he resumed his business. He gives me the privilege of using his name, and freely acknowledges I saved him. I allude to this case to show the reader who doubts the power and efficacy of magnetic treatment to weigh the matter well, and give it a trial before submitting to drug treatment. I know there is a great want of faith, even among many Spiritualists, regarding magnetic treatment, for when they are taken ill they call in the man that has got something to give them in the form of a drug.

A vast number of people, everywhere, believe Christ and his followers healed the sick by the laying on of hands, and that he said there would those follow after him who would do even greater things; yes, with all the overwhelming evidences in proof that the sick and diseased are healed today, still, unbelief stalks abroad. Healing, by the laying on of hands is simply imparting the life principle from a healthy organism to one diseased, or

wanting in vital force, and is one of the most natural and rational methods of treating sick humanity. Disease in all its various forms is a suspension of some one or more of the functions of the bodily organism; numerous causes bring about these results, and the patient finds it impossible many times to rally without the aid of some power to assist nature, if possible, in again establishing an equilibrium of the forces. All forms of medication have proved unavailing in reaching and removing the difficulty in thousands of instances, and the patient gives up all hope of recovery. At this crisis, if the magnetic physician were called in, with his strong vitalizing powers, and the sick were to exercise the patience necessary for a fair, honest trial, the happiest results would often follow in the building up of the dormant energies. His sphere of action is to quicken the circulation, supply deficiencies in the vital magnetism of the patient, and impart new life. All are not gifted alike with power to heal; therefore, those who do not understand its philosophy, and the laws governing it, should use great caution in not taking on disease from those they come in contact with. Physicians are born, not made.

Respectfully yours,

W. H. VOSBURGH, Magnetic Physician.

HIS WIFE.

I cannot touch his cheek,
 Nor ruffle with a loving breath his hair;
 I look into his eyes, and hear him speak,—
 He never knows that I am there!
 Oh, if my darling would but only know
 That day and night, through all his weary life,
 I, whom he loved in the years long ago,
 Am with him still,—his wife!

I watch him at his task,
 When the broad sunbeams first light up his room;
 I watch him till the evening lays her mask
 Upon the face of day; and in the gloom
 He lays his pencil down and silent sits,
 And leans his chin upon his hand and sighs;
 How well I know what memory round him flits!
 I read it in his eyes.

And when his pencil's skill
 Has sometimes wrought a touch of happy art,
 I see his face with sudden gladness fill;
 I see him turn, with eager lips apart,
 To bid me come and welcome his success;
 And then he droops, and throws his brush aside.
 Oh, if my darling then could only guess
 That she is near who died!

Sometimes I fancy, too,
 That he does dimly know it,—that he feels
 Some influence of love pass thrilling through
 Death's prison bars, the spirit's bonds and seals;
 Some dear companionship around him still;
 Some whispered blessing, faintly breathed caress,
 The presence of a love no death can kill
 Brightening his loneliness.

Ah, but it cannot be!
 The dead are with the living,—I am here;
 But he, my living love, he cannot see
 His dead wife, though she cling to him so near.
 I seek his eyes; I press against his cheek;
 I hear him breathe my name in wailing tone;
 He calls me, calls his wife, I cannot speak;
 He thinks he is alone.

This is the bitterness of death,—
 To know he loves me, pinés and yearns for me;
 To see him, still be near him, feel his breath
 Fan my sad cheek, and yet I am not free
 To bid him feel, by any faintest touch,
 That she who never left his side in life—
 She who so loved him, whom he loved so much—
 Is with him still his wife. JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

THE COVERED BRIDGE.

Tell the fainting soul in the weary form
 There's a world of the purest bliss
 That is linked as that soul and form are linked
 By a covered bridge with this.

Yet, to reach that realm on the other shore,
 We must pass through a transient gloom,
 And must walk unseen, unhelped, and alone
 Through that covered bridge,—the tomb.

But we all pass over on equal terms,
 For the universal toll
 Is the outer garb which the hand of God
 Has flung around the soul.

Though the eye is dim, and the bridge is dark,
 And the river it spans is wide,
 Yet faith points through to a shining mound
 That looms on the other side.

To enable our feet in the next day's march
 To climb up that golden ridge,
 We must all lie down for a one night's rest
 Inside of the covered bridge. DAVID BARKER.

EDITORIAL.

MRS. MAUD E. LORD.

HAVING received many requests for Mrs. Lord's picture, which was published in Volume I, Number 3, of *Facts* (now out of print), we have decided to publish it again at this time.

Mrs. Lord says she has been a medium ever since she can remember, the "shadows" being among her earliest recollections, and familiar companions, prompting her to do and say strange things; giving revelations, prescriptions, prophecies, &c., much to the amazement, and in most cases displeasure, of the human beings about her. Especially was this the case when physical manifestations occurred in her presence, which so terrified and annoyed her orthodox friends that she was driven from her home on account of her mediumship.

Mrs. Lord's story of her wanderings, and her experiences as a medium, is familiar to most of her audiences, and is too long to repeat at this time. Suffice it to say, she is perhaps one of the most remarkable test mediums ever seen, especially fitted for the work of convincing the thoughtless, or skeptical listener, of the power of spirits to manifest themselves, as she is able to go into an audience, filled with entire strangers, and name and describe spirits seen by her by the score as fast as she can speak.

Perhaps no medium in this country is better known than Mrs. Lord, most of her life being spent in traveling, lecturing, and giving test circles, her pleasing manner, and unerring accuracy of description making her a general favorite, and her services are always in demand.

THE "AMERICAN SPECTATOR" FREE.

Send for sample copy.

IN our October number of *Facts*, on page 272, will be found the prospectus of the *American Spectator*. This very useful and interesting journal is worth more than its subscription price to any family. It is entirely free from the objectionable things found in most family papers, but is well filled with pleasant and valuable reading matter.

We would call especial attention to Dr. R. C. Flower's ably written articles on health, disease, and remedies, and the art of living properly, which are really worth more than the year's subscription.

By a special arrangement with the *Spectator* company, we have decided to offer this journal *free* for one year to all our present subscribers who will send us a dollar and a new name.

Light for Thinkers, the pioneer spiritual journal of the South, is now published weekly at Chattanooga, Tenn. It is a first-class paper, filled with reports of phenomena, lectures, messages, &c., and is well worth the subscription price, \$1.50 per year. Its editor, G. W. Kates, also issues a Spiritualists' directory, a valuable statistical work, which should be in the hands of each Spiritualist. Price 25 cents.

The *Light for Thinkers* also has for sale one of the latest evolutions of planchette, called the talking-board, by which it is claimed that any person possessing the least mediumship can obtain communications. Price \$1.00, sent per mail, securely packed.

The mailing list to *Facts* has more than doubled during the past year, and we now ask each of our subscribers to get one more for us, and we make this liberal offer, hoping they will try to do so. Send us a dollar, and have *Facts* sent to your neighbor, your friend, your public library, or your minister.

Facts has never come quite up to our idea, but we promise to make it more and more interesting as fast as it will pay the expenses, and fully expect to make it one of the best dollar magazines in the country. Give us your help.

The Phrenological Journal and Science of Health reaches us regularly, and is always welcome, containing as it does much valuable and interesting matter.

The publishers, Fowler & Wells Company, 753 Broadway, New York, offer very liberal terms for immediate subscribers. Regular price, \$2.00 per year. Single copy, 20 cents.

WE are under obligation to Mr. Thos. Lees, 142 Ontario Street, Cleveland, Ohio, for a new form of talking-board, or planchette, called the psychobrett, which is said to be a very convenient, and in some cases astonishing, assistance in development of latent mediumship. The psychobrett costs \$1.25, and will be sent, post-paid by mail, on application to Mr. Lees, as above.

WE have at present published in regular sheet-music form and size —

“When the Mists have Cleared Away;”

“Cast Thy Bread upon the Waters;”

“We Shall Know as We are Known.”

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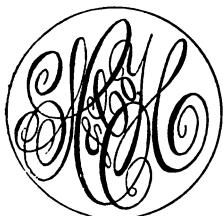
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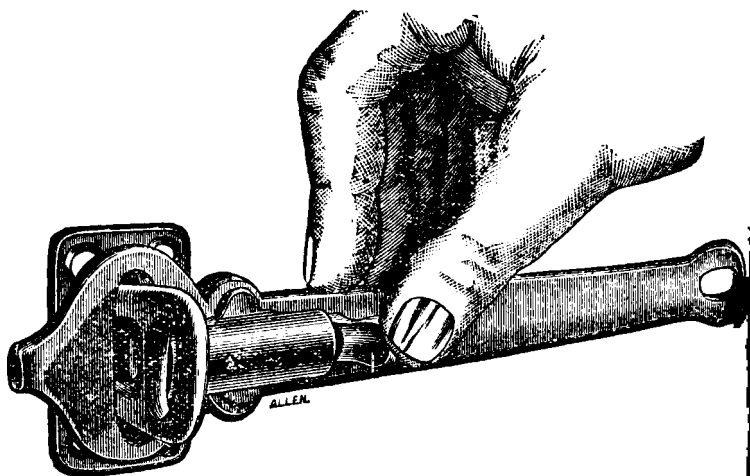
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